

The Spy by Dazi

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gen, Implied Crush, POV Alternating, at least in my mind i know when it's the monster and when it's will, can anyone guess when it's from whose pov?

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Summary:

Episodes 6, 8, and 9 from the eyes of the spy.

The Spy

Author's Note:

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When asked later, Will can't remember when it started. He remembers waking up in a hospital bed, people surrounding him. He remembers recognizing his mom and Mike. He remembers being upset *because they hurt him*. He remembers that they tried something (though mostly he only remembers the hurt). Then they left him and that's when it got fuzzier. Will remembers watching those officers, and suddenly he felt hate. Just plain, raging hate, like all he wanted to do was to hurt them. The next thing Will remembers is his mouth saying "I think I know how to hurt him."

Will found himself asking for his map. He vaguely registered someone complaining about something. It's not important though, so Will ignored it. What was important was showing the guys they hurt me gottahurt them back show them what pain is where to go. It took Will a while to recognize where in the map he was seeing, but once he found it, it was easy for Will to trace the path to the center.

Almost too easy. It's as if I grew those tunnels, Will thought. He didn't say anything though. It's impossible. And it's probably nothing, right? No need to distract them, they needed to focus. So instead, all he said was "That's it."

"That's what? What's... what's there Will?" he heard the good doctor asked.

"I don't know," Will replied. And really, he didn't. All Will could see was an empty space. He went to tell that to the doctor, but all that came from his mouth was "I just know that he doesn't want me to see there."

It was then that Will began to suspect something was wrong. He wanted to say something, anything, but, again, all he said was "I think it's important."

No it isn't , Will wanted to say. *There's nothing there. Why am I saying these things?* Strangely, he said nothing. And even more strange, Will felt.. relaxed. He didn't even feel the need to move at all. He let himself to be led back to the bed and that was it. He spent the next few hours listening and watching the soldiers get ready. All the while Will kept thinking what was wrong with him. At the same time, he kept feeling content.

At one point, however, Will suddenly, inexplicably felt excited. And as suddenly, Will understood. He had no idea if it was because of that understanding, or because the monster that Will now knew had been controlling him was focused on something else (*the soldiers* , Will realised), but Will managed to stammer out: "I-- I'm sorry."

"What? What do you mean sweetie?" his mom asked.

"He made me do it." Will felt like crying. He knew what was coming for the soldiers. And he knew why. "I told you, they upset him." Will was crying now. "They shouldn't have done that! They shouldn't have upset him."

"The spy." Will heard. "The spy!" Mike sprinted out of the room. And all Will could do was cry. He's glad Mike understood, but Will knew there's nothing his friend could do.

"Will, sweets, talk to me! You've got to help me understand," his mom kept trying.

"It's too late." was all Will could say. And even as he said it he could see them. The soldiers were being slaughtered one by one. They never stood a chance. As soon as the last soldier fell, Will started to feel it. The monster is returning his attention to him. Will tried to resist as long as he could, warning his mother. "You should go now," he gritted out. "They're almost here."

That was all Will could say before he felt himself forced into the back of his own head. His mom kept calling to him but he can't do anything. He laid still, desperate to make his mom understand. *Go! The monsters are coming!* he wanted to scream. Then Mike suddenly bursted into the room.

He watched as Mike grabbed a syringe and said “We need to make Will sleep.”

“What?” his mother asked.

“He’s a spy! If he knows where we are, so does the Shadow Monster,” his friend explained.

And out of nowhere, he felt hysterically panicked. He’s got to stay awake! “He’s lying!” he shouted.

“He killed those soldiers, he’ll kill us to!” retorted the other guy.

“He’s lying! He’s lying! HE’S LYING! HE’S LYING HES LYING HESLYINGHESLYINGHESLYING!!”

“Okay Will. Will! Listen! Do you know who I am?” The woman in front of him suddenly cut him off. “Do you know who I am?!”

“Y--you’re..” He definitely knew this woman. Lost in his panic though, it took him a few seconds to search his mind. This woman.. “You’re.. You’re mom!”

He desperately hoped he’d convinced her. He’s no use if he’s unconscious. He needed to stay awake and he needed to-- “Hold him down.”

Wait, what?

“No. No! Let go! Let me go! Let me GO! LET ME GO! LET GO! LET ME GO! Let me.. Go... let me...”

And then everything went blank.

He woke up to the strong smell of ammonia. He opened his eyes to a very bright light right in front of his face. It was so bright that he could barely make out the faces in front of him. Still disoriented from whatever sedative they gave him, he tried asking “Wha... what is this?”

It was then he realised that he's completely tied up. He couldn't bring his hands in front of him and he couldn't move more than a few inches from the chair he's tied to. Why were they tying him up? "Why am I tied up?"

"Will, we just wanna talk to you. We're not gonna hurt you." There's a woman crouched in front of him. He felt that she was important, but he couldn't bring himself to care.

"Where am I?" he tried to ask next. He needed to know where were they hiding. He's starting to recognise the faces in front of him as the ones with him at the hospital, the ones who escaped. *They escaped us. They worked with the ones who hurt us and they escaped us .*

Ignoring his question, the big man waved a piece of drawing instead. "You recognize this? Do you recognize *this* ?" he asked.

Admittedly, That looked.. familiar. That's not Him.. is it? How did they know how he looked like? Confused, he shook his head. He didn't understand what did they want from him.

The woman then spoke again, "Hey. We wanna help you. But to do that, we have to understand how to kill it."

Hold up, *kill* it? They were trying to kill him? Is that why they tied him up?

"Why am I tied up?" He couldn't help but starting to get panicked. "Why am I tied up? WHY AM I TIED UP?? LET ME GO!" He *pulled* to the connection, he called that other place and tried to do something. *Anything* . He needed to escape. "LET ME GO! LET ME GO! LET ME GO!!!!" He screamed and screamed until his throat went raw and he was out of breath, but nothing happened. Breathing hard, he stared at the woman as she sat in front of him.

"Do you know what March 22nd is?" she suddenly asked. Confused by the sudden question, and still a little bit wary, he tried to remember. What was so special about..? Before he could remember anything, she replied to her own question: "It's your birthday. *Your* birthday."

My .. birthday? He started to remember. And the woman in front of him... his mother. He remembered now. He remembered that birthday. He remembered the box of crayons with so many colourful crayons that he needed to use them all in one picture. He remembered imagining and drawing a spaceship because earlier that week, he'd played with a very cool spaceship toy in someone's basement. And that someone, someone really close to his heart, was..

Before he could remember, another guy started talking. "Do you remember the day Dad left?" the guy said before squatting down to his level.

As soon as the guy (*no, his brother*) said it, he remembered that day crystal clear. That day was one of the worst days in his life. He'd never heard his parents fight that badly. He remembered running away to someone's (*a friend's*) house until his brother came to bring him to the woods. He remembered that afternoon, working together with his brother and his mother, building his own designed castle long into the evening. They didn't stop until the castle was finished, even after it started to rain. Just the three of them, having fun.

[In the corner of his mind, he realised he could move his hands.]

He remembered regretting their decision to stay out in the rain when he'd gotten sick for a week after that. It wasn't so bad though. His friends visited him. They all kept him company and cheered him up whenever he felt sad about his dad. He remembered being grateful for their company, being surprised that he didn't drove them away too, like he ruined his parent's marriage. And above all he remembered the best moment of that week: "*You're not a disappointment,*" his friend had assured him. "*You're my best friend.*" He remembered being incredibly happy, hearing his friend saying that. His best friend. His first friend ever, whose name was...

"Do you remember the first day that we met?"

Mike . Will remembered him instantly. His closest and oldest friend. Mike, who showed him his new Millenium Falcon a few days before Will's birthday. Mike, who along with Lucas kept him company the days after Will's father left. Mike, who approached him that first day of kindergarten.

Will remembered that day more than the last few days. His parents were fighting again and Will was intimidated by all the other kids who seemed much happier than he ever felt. So he chose to sit on the swings by himself. That was when Mike came and stood in front of him. At first, Will was afraid the taller boy was going to make fun of him. But then Mike asked him to be his friend and, stunned but happy, Will accepted. That was the best thing he's ever done.

Will had felt like crying before, since his mom and brother started telling their stories. Hearing Mike remembering the first day that they met, Will wanted to cry harder. But it was impossible. No matter how hard he tried, Will couldn't force his face to create any tears.

"Will, baby... if you're in there, just please... please talk to us. Please, honey, please, can you do that for me? Please. I love you so much."

Will still tried talking. He tried so hard for a few seconds. Deep down, though, Will knew that he couldn't gain control. The monster was still too strong. So Will surrendered his body, relaxed his mind, and, hoping desperately that the monster didn't notice, started tapping.

Will heard himself saying "Let me go." He saw his mom and Jonathan looking down in defeat. Still, Will didn't stop tapping. He didn't even know what he's trying to do, he just hoped. Will hoped and kept on tapping. Taptaptaptap. Tap. Taptap, tap. Tap. Taptaptaptap. Tap. Taptap, tap. Tap. Until suddenly, the big man who'd been standing beside him (*wait, that's Hopper*) marched out. Will saw Mike, mom, and Jonathan exchanging glances before promptly following Hopper out. And then Will was alone.

Not even a second later, Will felt it. The need to get out, to escape, to find out where he was, it got stronger more than ever. Will felt his hand starting to reach for the knots, trying desperately to tear it, to pull, anything to escape his bonds. Heart beating fast, Will fought to clench his hand into a fist. Randomly, Will felt very grateful that he was not an escape artist.

As he concentrated on keeping his hands still, Will thought about what he's going to say next. He knew that they needed to defeat the monster, his mom and Hopper had asked about how to kill it. The problem was Will didn't know how to defeat it himself. But still,

maybe.. Then Will realised that he'd lost his concentration a bit and his hands had started to reach for the ropes again.

This went on for a few minutes, Will trying to think of what to say, which set of taps corresponded to that, all the while keeping his hands still as hard as he could. Fortunately, it wasn't too long until his friends and family returned, Jonathan bringing along with him a tape player. By then, Will's binding had gotten a little loose but luckily, the monster seemed to realise that he would not be able to escape with so many people in the room. They all settled around him, Jonathan pressed a button, and then the song played.

It was so random that Will can feel that the monster was confused. Where did they all go? What did they do outside? And why, when they came back, did they just suddenly play The Clash's Should I Stay or Should I Go? To be honest Will himself was momentarily confused and surprised, though he could feel and move his arms a little bit more freely. Will supposed in its confusion the monster relaxed its control of Will's body.

As soon as Will realised that, he figured out what the stories and music were supposed to be: a distraction. He's vaguely aware that Hopper stood at his side, arms behind his back. Will hopes that it meant Hopper was watching his hand. So, trusting his friends, Will started to tap.

Honestly it all passed in a blur. Will concentrated on the voices of Jonathan, Mike, and his mom. He cleared his mind in case the monster figured out the distraction and tried to spy on him, all the while remembering the next letter, the next set of taps. Will had just finished tapping E and was thinking of what should he say next when two things happens almost at the same time.

First, the mixtape ended. And suddenly, almost instantaneously, Will heard a telephone rang from somewhere outside. It was so sudden that Will had a flashback of that night, the night it all started. Will had tried to use the house phone that night. Why Will suddenly thought of that, it didn't matter. The phone rang again and Will recognised the ring as belonging to his house's phone, which meant that wherever he was, he was near. And as soon as Will made that connection, he realised with growing horror his error.

Will tried to give some kind of warning, but before he could do anything he was buried deep inside his own head. Then, he felt excited. He saw the tunnels where his army was. And he guided them to the right tunnels. Left, right, whichever turn the army had to take he told them. *Finally, he's going to make them pay!* He had just given the final directions to the army when he felt a prick on his neck and he became unconscious.

The next time he woke up, he's in pain. No, not only in pain, he's on fire! There's heat everywhere! It hurt! It hurt so so much! He had escape, he had to run. But he couldn't. His hands and feet were tied and the heat, it's all around him. He couldn't think clearly, couldn't do anything. He could only scream and trash around and when will it stop?!

Except, it didn't stop at all. Instead, he felt the heat increasing. It's hurting him even more and he had to get out of there, get out of this position whatever the price was. He tried again pulling to that other place, but it's hard. It's too hard. It's like the heat was preventing him from focusing on anything except that it hurt. Still, he pulled. And just as the lights started to flicker, he heard a little snap and his hand was suddenly free!

He started reaching towards his other hand, but someone grabbed his arm before he could do so and in that moment he felt angry. Who was this woman and didn't she tied him up before? Didn't she want to kill him? His free hand shot out and with a satisfying accuracy it immediately found a neck. He tightened his grip angrily, as if by crushing the life out of the woman the pain will stop.

(It didn't, his need to get out became even bigger and it made him even angrier and *that* made him strangle the woman even harder)

Abruptly, his side was on fire. He didn't even know what it was but the pain increased even more. It surprised him enough to let go of the woman.

(“ *Get the hell out of my son!* ”)

He thought he'd die from the heat. It was so hot everywhere that he couldn't even form a single thought other than *get out* . He was wrong. He didn't die, but he felt even more heat, this time from somewhere he only felt twice before: inside. He was literally on fire. He couldn't bear it anymore. He had to get out and get back to Him. And so, he forced himself out and escaped, not caring what he left behind.

“ Will, please, can you hear me? Please, Will! ”

“ M-mom...? ”